All Played Out

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/30265701.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Trial & Retribution (TV), Charlie Countryman (2013), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Roberto Bellini/Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Characters:	Roberto Bellini, Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Additional Tags:	Omega Verse, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, alpha Berto, Omega Nigel, Heat Clinic, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Unexpected Visitors, Rough Kissing, Riding, Knotting, Love Confessions?, Heat Sex, Submission, Mounting, vaginal orgasm, Morning After, Happy Ending, Multisex Omega
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Plaything, Part 121 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics, Part 104 of ABO/Omegaverse Fics by TigerPrawn
Collections:	MonthlyRareMeat
Stats:	Published: 2021-03-25 Words: 3,905 Chapters: 1/1

All Played Out

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Nigel is done with his heats, but is he done with Berto?

NB: You could read this as standalone but probably best to read the Berto/Nigel instalments of the Plaything series (Plaything, Playmates and Replay).

Berto slowed his pace as he walked towards Nigel's apartment, taken aback by seeing the omega standing outside and about to get into a taxi. He looked flushed and a little clammy.

It was that time of the month and as he had for over a year now, Roberto had come to Nigel's in the expectation that the omega would go into heat in the next twelve to twenty four hours, and then he would be there for him. Seeing Nigel through the long hours of need in every way the Nigel wanted and allowed.

He had a bag over his shoulder, not just a change of clothes and toiletries but also a few of those little treats that he knew Nigel liked and would eat even if he made fun of Berto for bringing them.

Nigel had a bag over his shoulder too. The omega's expression hardened more than usual as he paused, dropping his bag into the taxi and then standing with his hands on the roof, waiting for Berto to say something, as though he had just been caught out.

But he hadn't been had he? Berto had no claim over Nigel, and whilst he had come every month without fail, the arrangement was an unspoken one and they were not bonded. They weren't even in a relationship even if they were a couple for all intents and purposes.

The fact was Nigel had been using him this whole time and Berto not only knew that, he had accepted it from day one. He'd wanted it.

Berto shuddered as he remembered the first time they had been together. Nigel had barely spoken two words to him before he'd gone into heat in the safe house they were sharing. And then he was pinning Berto against the wall and telling him he needed his knot, demanding it really. Not that he wanted to deny the omega.

Far from it.

From the moment they met Roberto had thought Nigel was one of the most beautiful things he'd ever seen. So many omegas were delicate and had that natural softness to them. And whilst there was something of that in Nigel beneath the surface, for those who cared to look, on the outside he was a no nonsense asshole who didn't take shit from any alpha.

Berto wouldn't exactly call himself a sub, but he loved the way Nigel dominated him. Even how he sometimes humiliated him. On some level it had worked, and it had carried on working all these months whilst Nigel had stayed off his suppressants and shared every subsequent heat with Berto. Until now, it would seem.

"Have I done something wrong?"

Berto had wanted to ask where the fuck Nigel thought he was going, like any alpha would. But it just wasn't him and it wasn't them. So he lowered his eyes, his usual insecurities coming to the fore, that this one omega who really seemed to understand him, was going to reject him sooner or later.

He should never have gotten attached. That was on him. He'd had feelings for Nigel since that very first time, maybe even before that when Nigel bossed him around and humiliated him on the job.

Berto had thought it was a dynamic and a situation that worked for them both.

"What the fuck would you have done wrong?" Nigel replied. And Roberto knew well enough that this wasn't to suggest that Berto had done nothing wrong, simply that he would never have done anything that Nigel would have cared enough about to consider it wrong or right.

He could whine, he could plead. He could ask why the omega was leaving on the cusp of his heat, where he was going and with who. But it wasn't his business, Berto knew that.

Berto looked at the cabby who seemed a little restless but was happy enough to watch the meter tick over.

"I guess, I'll go home then." Berto said softly. No fight in him because there really was no point. Nigel was going somewhere for his heat and had he not caught him leaving then Berto would have stood on his doorstep ringing his buzzer and never known what had happened.

Nigel said nothing, his gaze hardened as he slipped into the car and it pulled away from the curb, leaving Berto standing there with the finality that this was over now.

*

It had taken Berto a while to get to sleep, ignoring the throb in his knot.

His body was so attuned to Nigel's heat now that it had the same expectation as himself - to be currently seeing the omega through that heat.

Berto tossed and turned, just on the brink of waking at any moment as his brain and body protested the absence of the omega.

When Berto suddenly woke sitting bold upright, panting and sweating, he was painfully hard. There was a thickness in the air as though he could actually scent an omega, and he wondered if he was going into rut. They only tended to happen every year or two, unless one was mated, and it had been a while. So maybe this event had brought it on or maybe it was due anyway.

Either way, despite the desperate urge and biological need, Berto didn't even want to touch himself. He flopped back into his pillows, looking at the shitty ceiling of his shitty bedsit and feeling absolutely no inclination to relieve the pain of his swollen knot.

Berto startled at a loud knocking on his door. Not knocking, beating was more accurate and he could already hear the old woman that lived upstairs starting to shout down for the noise to be stopped.

He practically fell out of the bed in his rush to get to the door and answer it before his neighbours called the police. He definitely didn't need any more legal entanglements in his life.

Expecting to find a drunk neighbour or some idiot kids, Berto was surprised to find Nigel on his doorstep.

He looked enraged, pushing past Berto and into the one-room space without invitation. Berto barely had chance to close the door when he felt Nigel's hands on him, roughly turning and pushing him against the door. Their mouths met before Berto could get his bearings and he groaned into the kiss as Nigel pinned him there.

The scent of slick and heat was overwhelming.

"Where have you been?" Berto gasped out the words when Nigel pulled back for a moment.

"Clinic," Nigel held up his wrist, displaying the medical band that would have been strapped on when he checked into the heat clinic.

"That's where you were going, in the taxi." Berto acknowledged, unable to hide the hurt in his voice. "You didn't want me to help with your heat?"

"No," Nigel spat the word and then stepped back, glaring at Berto even as he began to strip out of his clothes. His scent filled the apartment. "Of course I fucking didn't. Month after month, becoming so reliant on you that I can't even get myself off at the heat clinic? I don't fucking want that. This is the last time, then I'm back on suppressants. I'm all fucking played out. I'm done with these fucking heats."

Berto started to nod but he didn't have chance to say anything as Nigel was on him again, kissing him deeply and pulling at the few clothes he was wearing.

"Come the fuck on," Nigel said gruffly pulling Berto over to the bed. "Are you going to knot me or what?" Nigel practically barked the words as Berto remained in a daze.

That earned a bang from above them, the old lady knocking the broom on her floor for some quiet. This was one of the reasons Berto preferred to go to Nigel's, not least because this place was a shit hole.

Berto's torn clothes landed on the floor just as he landed on the bed, Nigel immediately crawling over him.

He was hard and leaking, his breath coming out in pants as Nigel stripped himself and moved over him. Berto was shaking with his oncoming rut as Nigel sank down onto him, right to the knot.

“Fuck,” Nigel groaned. “Just this one last time.” He grunted as he began to move, riding Berto hard. “This one last time and then I’m back on suppressants, no more of this bullshit.”

Berto nodded venomently. Part of him didn’t want Nigel to ever go onto suppressants again, not wanting to lose this. But of course he would do as Nigel wished, as always. Because Nigel was his omega, whether that was acknowledged or not.

Nigel muttered something then, barely audible but Berto was sure he’d said “so good.”

And perhaps it was, compared to a heat clinic?

Nigel, who usually rode him with vigor, seemed to sink against him, savouring each press of his knot to Nigel’s pussy.

“Nigel?” Berto gasped as Nigel sank fully onto his knot even though it was not yet at its peak, seemingly content to let the alpha grow inside him.

“So good,” He muttered again and this time there was no doubting what Nigel had said. Roberto beamed at the compliment as much as he was curious about it.

Nigel began to rock, teasing Berto’s knot, making it swell with each motion.

“Why did you want threesomes?” Nigel asked, his breath ragged as he pulled back and fixed Berto with a hard glare as he rocked slowly on his cock. Berto’s breath hitched at the unexpected question, his heart pounding.

Before he could answer, Nigel continued, “It wasn’t because you wanted to share me, was it. I know it wasn’t. Tell me.”

Berto shook his head, “It was because I wanted to satisfy you, make sure you were happy.”

Nigel let out a groan and rested his forehead against Berto’s in a way that was almost tender. Berto shuddered at the contact even as his knot throbbed.

“Why?” Nigel demanded with a growl. “Say it.”

Berto whined, terrified of what would happen if he voiced it aloud. Would Nigel laugh at him? Perhaps, and that wouldn’t phase him, but would he leave? What if he left and decided to never see Berto again? He wasn’t sure he could bear it.

“Tell me,” Nigel snarled, a reverberation in his tone close to being an omega Voice.

“Because you’re my omega.”

With those words, with the admission, Berto’s knot popped completely, locking inside of Nigel and pushing them both to climax. As they came Nigel began to move, riding out the

orgasm and milking Berto dry.

“You’re mine.” Nigel growled.

Berto cried out and came again, harder than he was sure he ever had. His knot throbbed and he continued spilling deep inside the omega.

“What?” He panted, sure that he’d misunderstood or misheard.

“I’m not anyone’s fucking omega, I told you that.” Nigel growled the words even as he pressed his nose to Berto’s scent gland and inhaled deeply.

“So you’re going to go back on suppressants.” Berto concluded.

“But I don’t want to fuck anyone else,” Nigel growled, his body wrapping as much as possible around Berto. “And I don’t want you fucking anyone else either.”

Berto drew in a sharp breath.

*

Berto knew there was nothing he could do to change Nigel’s mind. And really, did he want to? It made sense for the omega to take control of his heats again. Everything he knew about Nigel, how he had come to know him, told him how much it had cost the omega to admit what he had. Not that he was in love, or dependent, but that they belonged to each other, and that admission was more than he ever thought he’d get.

Even if deep down he was sure Nigel cared for him at least a little. And he, so desperately in love with the omega, would have taken any small indication of affection.

If this was going to be their last time together then Berto wanted it to be the best Nigel had ever had.

He looked up as the omega returned from the bathroom, looking slightly less strung out than he had when he arrived. The edge taken off his heat over the last few hours.

“Gonna ride your knot raw,” Nigel said, as usual it was something between a tease and a taunt, and it made Berto shiver.

“I want you to feel good,” Berto replied, breathless.

He moved quickly towards Nigel, so quickly that Nigel froze at the unexpected move from his usually submissive lover.

“Let me?” Berto urged, his nervous question seeming to ease Nigel a little. “Please.”

Nigel let out a shuddering breath and let Berto take his hand.

Pressing his alphan strength in a way he never had before with Nigel, Berto pulled him down to the bed, quickly maneuvering the omega onto his knees and down onto all fours.

Nigel grunted but didn't resist.

Berto had never been able to shake the way that Lee had made Nigel come, even with his omega cock. Berto had never quite managed to give Nigel that sort of pleasure. As much pleasure as he knew he had given Nigel, it wasn't the same kind that Lee had managed to give him. That was something only achievable if the omega submitted. And that was something he was sure Nigel would never do.

And yet, he did.

They were both shaking as Roberto moved Nigel into position, a hand at the back of his neck pressing him down to the pillows as he lined up behind him.

Every moment that passed, Berto expected Nigel to push him off. An expectation based on Nigel's behaviour and attitude, and everything he knew about the omega. And he wouldn't have even attempted this had he not seen how Nigel had reacted to Lee.

Even so, Berto hesitated for just a moment as he pressed the tip of his cock to Nigel's wet entrance.

"What are you waiting for?" Nigel growled, "Not alpha enough to fuck me into submission? Not alpha enough to mount me?"

The words were a taunt, Nigel's usual humiliation-come-dirty talk that they both loved.

With a growl Berto thrust forward, burying himself completely and then caging Nigel as best he could under him. He fucked into him hard and fast as Nigel continued to hurl taunts at him to be more like a real alpha.

It made Berto's knot throb harder than it ever had before. He wasn't sure he'd be able to knot Nigel without hurting him, so thick he'd already swelled. Though he was sure Nigel was not only well aware of that, but would enjoy it immensely.

He pressed Nigel down as much as he could, forcing him into a traditional mounting and breeding position. Roberto knew the angle was right when Nigel's litany of filth ceased and he began to grunt, then moan. Whatever Lee had managed to do that time on the breeding bench, Roberto seemed to be recreating successfully enough. That much was clear not just from the change in the noises Nigel was making, but from the way he squeezed around Berto's cock. Like Nigel's insides were quivering as he built to orgasm.

"Fuck, alpha…" Nigel whined, and Berto had never heard that before. That *need* in Nigel's voice.

It urged him on, making him fuck into Nigel all the harder as he pinned him, hand gripping the back of the omega's neck and his teeth itching to sink in there.

It wasn't the first time he'd thought about what it would be like to bite Nigel. He never would have, not even now if Nigel begged him, because he knew it would be his heat talking. Berto

knew that Nigel didn't want that and would likely never change his mind. But he had imagined it.

What it would be like for them to mate and bond.

"Nigel," Berto practically whimpered as his knot slammed over and over against Nigel's wet pussy. The sound of it echoing off the walls.

"Knot me." Nigel responded, another whine. A desperate noise as Berto felt the omega start to convulse. "Come inside me."

Those last words had Berto shaking with a need of his own. He had lost count over the previous months how many times he had filled Nigel, but there was something about the way he said it this time. Probably as close as they would ever get to Nigel asking Berto to breed him.

And it was enough. It was as much as Berto would ever need from Nigel, he would never need or expect him to declare himself in any other way. That wasn't who Nigel was. And he loved Nigel deeply. Something Berto was sure that Nigel knew.

Berto groaned, halting his erratic thrusting in favour of a slow push forward to squeeze his knot inside the omega.

When Nigel cried out it was like nothing Berto had ever heard before. The strength of Nigel's orgasm made Berto gasp and groan as his knot was squeezed and his cock milked in a way he had never experienced. It was that vaginal orgasm Lee had explained, that pleasure that omegas only got when mounted like this and Berto felt so incredibly honoured that Nigel had chosen to experience this with him. That he had been able to bring it forth.

It was everything.

*

It felt like they had come for hours. It felt like they had floated on a sea of pleasure for an eternity.

Everything was still a little hazy and Roberto was still fully pleasure drunk when his knot finally deflated enough to gently slide from the snoozing omega.

Nigel made a murmuring noise and then turned, drawing Berto into his arms before the gentle snoring resumed. It felt good.

Not just sated from the pleasure, it was more than that. Berto was enjoying it as he always did when they snuggled, those few times Nigel allowed it. Even if he tried to play at being begrudging when he did so. But it felt different this time.

It felt final at the same time as feeling like something entirely new.

"Berto," Nigel's voice was rough with sleep and Berto had been so lost in thought that he hadn't even noticed the omega wake.

He held his breath, expecting to be told to leave. Or more usually, to fuck off until Nigel wanted to see him again. Which could be a little awkward since they were at his place this time.

To some it might seem like Berto was whipped, or that this was in some way abusive. But it wasn't, it was a dynamic they had fallen into because it turned out to be one that they both enjoyed and wanted. He'd always been able to stop Nigel if he'd wanted to. He could have walked away but there was a reason he kept coming back. The rough play, the humiliation and yes, the affection that he *knew* was there. He had never wanted it to stop.

And now it was all ending and he had to accept that.

"I wasn't responsive at the clinic, to any of the alphas they had to offer." Nigel muttered. He was silent for a moment before then pulling away and reaching over to grab a cigarette. He rolled onto his back and lit it as he looked over at Berto who had remained still. "They offered me a machine, but I could ride a fucking dildo in the comfort of my own fucking home if I'd wanted that."

The omega's demeanour made clear that his heat was over now and yet he still didn't seem in a rush to get Berto to make him a sandwich and fuck off, like usual. Though this time they were in Berto's shitty bedsit not in Nigel's apartment.

"So I'm going back on the fucking suppressants, because this is not a fucking situation I want to be in." Nigel said, much more calmly than Berto would have expected.

Berto nodded his understanding and was unable to stop himself from letting out a soft sigh.

"I didn't mind giving into the pleasure of it as long as I was in control. But I'm not going to let my fucking heat control me. I don't want to feel reliant on a knot. On your knot." He grumbled, "Should have gone back on them after that first time." Nigel huffed then took another long drag on his cigarette.

In the lull, Berto couldn't help but ask, "Why didn't you?"

Nigel looked at him sharply then, brow cocked as though he had said something ridiculous.

"Sometimes you're much more of a fucking idiot than even I give you credit for." Nigel rolled his eyes and scoffed. He took another drag and then stubbed the cigarette out on the top of the beaten up wooden side table.

When Nigel sat up in bed and swung his legs over the side, stretching and then scrubbing his hands over his face, Berto wanted to reach out and stop him. He wanted to pull him back into another embrace, one last one to remember. But he never would make Nigel do anything he didn't want to do.

So instead he lay there, staring at the ceiling as Nigel moved around the place, first using the bathroom and then getting redressed in the dark shirt and jeans he'd arrived in a little over two days earlier.

“You fucking coming then?” Nigel asked, leaning against the door jam as he put another cigarette between his lips.

Berto blinked and sat up.

“Coming?”

“Figure you should fucking move in with me. Just because I don’t want my heats doesn’t mean I don’t want…” His words trailed off and Berto blinked. Nigel looked like he might combust if he tried to force out the word ‘you’ or ‘an alpha’ or whatever it was that he wanted Berto to be in his life.

“A live-in fuck boy?” Berto offered, trying not to grin.

“Live-in fuck boy?” Nigel reeled back in disgust, “Makes me sound like one of those rich older omega celebrities that have a new arm candy every awards season. I have a bit more fucking class I think!”

Berto blinked.

“So, are you fucking coming home with me?” Nigel asked once more, in a tone that made clear he wasn’t going to ask again.

“Okay, I guess I could pack a bag.” Berto stuttered.

Nigel turned away nodding, “Sure, just hurry the fuck up. I already ordered the uber.”

With that Nigel let himself out of the bedsit.

Berto stared at the door for a long minute. Not a hesitation, but simply drinking in the moment. Between this and allowing Berto to mount him, it might be the closest Nigel would ever get to admitting that he loved him. Berto swallowed, able to clearly imagine them living in Nigel’s apartment, growing old together, happy in the way things worked between them. With or without declarations of love.

Because it had been clear to the alpha that he had been more than a knot to ride to Nigel for a long time now, whether the omega wanted to admit it or not.

That he’d been more than a plaything for a very long time. So much more.

Berto smiled and breathed out a sigh. And then he scrambled from his bed.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!